

New York Tribune

First to Last—The Truth: News, Editorials—Advertisements
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Fundamentals

Slowly the pressure of events is pushing the world toward real measures for world peace and reconstruction. For a long time it seemed as if common sense was to be denied a hearing; but now it makes its way. Witness the fact that Europe is now considering practical measures to insure the safety of France, and thereby the safety of all.
What are the fundamentals of peace so far as governments can give them? They are security for France, retention of preponderant power by nations whose conduct shows them worthy of trust, and close and sympathetic cooperation by these nations. These are, perhaps, the most important vital things.
Almost equal in rank is the one that those who brought on the war, rather than their victims, shall pay to their full ability for the work of restoration. A record is wanted that shall say that war-making as a national industry is not profitable. Hence all pleas to let Germany off, all arguments which assume that a country whose wealth is \$150,000,000,000,000 can't pay 10 per cent of this amount are evil.
Another fundamental is the making of such specific agreements for limiting armaments, for removing possible causes of dispute and for broadening international law as the Washington conference is perfecting.
Finally, on the economic side, stable money conditions are indispensable in countries which have depleted vast quantities of paper currency, and necessarily destructive of trade and industry. To this last problem the world has not yet seriously addressed itself, but in the end it must.

When the armistice was signed, under faulty leadership, a program was pursued, or half-way pursued, that was bad in principle and fatal in method. The victor nations were told that they could not be trusted. The poison of the Manchester speech spread everywhere. Heavy has been the cost.
At Washington and at Cannes that being done which should have been done at Paris. And at Geneva, let us hope, the work will continue—with all perception that economic law cannot be disregarded and that only by good conduct can trust be established. Then individual men and women will be free once more to do their work in the world and will do it.

The Birch Bark Charter

Comptroller Craig has published and submitted to public consideration the charter he promised to write on a scrap of birch bark while resting from the fatiguing pursuit of savage beasts in the wilds of Canada.
It is a pious and withal a solemn document. It begins by expressing the gratitude to Providence of the people of the State of New York for their freedom. A poll of the people of the State of New York in this day of summary legislation might reveal considerable doubt about their freedom and a shocking lack of gratitude for it. However, that, perhaps, would be changed by the Charter.
Mr. Craig had evidently been reading the Declaration of Independence on his way up to Canada. For he speaks much of inalienable rights. One of these is the inalienable right of the city to pay the Mayor and the Comptroller each a salary of \$25,000 a year. This is possibly intended to attract the sanction of Mr. Hylan, but we doubt if that gentleman will not think he is entitled to an edge on the Comptroller in the salary matter.
Furthermore, Mr. Craig runs a long chance of the disapproval of his superior by devoting a single page to the duties—and, of course, inalienable rights—of the executive, while to the duties and the inalienable rights of the Comptroller he devotes four pages.

Equal Before the Law

By issuing a permanent order against the violation of a labor contract by the garment manufacturers Justice Wagner denies that there is in this state one law for employers and another for employees. His injunction directs the garment makers to live up to an agreement as to wages, hours and conditions of work made by them, presumably by their eyes wide open, May 29, 1919, which was to continue operative up to June 1, 1922.
On October 25, 1921, the employers promulgated an order binding upon every member of their association providing for a return to the system of wages and hours operative before the contract of May, 1919, had been signed. From that time forward employees who would not accept the new conditions were refused work.

Shoes and Shoes

Whether the outcry against frivolous footwear had anything to do with it or not, the evidence of the sidewalks is that American women are no longer obliged to go about on stilts unless they want to. Nor are they compelled to buy the so-called comfort shoe, soft and shapeless.
The shops are full of smartly cut, solid-heeled shoes, fashioned somewhat on the lines of a human foot. And, not least, the lofty shoe clerk no longer registers disdainful pity when a feminine shopper asks for a shoe designed for locomotion plus grace and form. The walking shoe is once more a recognized institution and unimpeachable in its smartness.
As for the pointed shoe, with its wabbly French heel, it is still there for those who want it, although it has been forced to second place, and doubtless will soon be in the museum with the hour-glass waist and the hoopskirt.

There Was a Reason

The city has been swept by a storm that has hurled stout walkers into flooded gutters and blown stenographers into the arms of surprised passers-by fighting their way up Nassau Street. Such strange phantasies of the weather have in times past been connected with great events—the murder of a Caesar or a Duncan.
In New York yesterday they followed closely the news that an old man had been found, born more than a century ago, who refused to ascribe his longevity to the use of tobacco, drink, exercise, diet, sunshine, deep breathing, reading, sewing, dancing or their contraries. He even declined to claim that he had smoked the same pipe incessantly since the year 1824, or that he was certain that rum was the reason for his ripe old age. When pressed for details he is reported to have said that he hadn't given much thought to the matter, one way or another.
Is it any wonder that prodigies of nature should mark the appearance of such a human prodigy?

Merely Joking

What's afoot in "the modern Atkins," as it was "denominated" by Artemus Ward? Well, for one thing, this sign has been posted on one of the famous passageways, lineally descended from cowpaths, of St. Bortolph's town:
"All persons are hereby warned that it is the intention to prevent any persons from occupying any right of way or easement in Williams Court."
The law will have its little jest. Williams Court, indeed! It's Pi Alley or Pie Alley—here's one name that offers the linotype an option—according as your taste runs to newspapers or quick-lunch counters. And the warning doesn't bite. It shows its teeth for forty-eight hours in every twenty years. It's the playful means employed by one of those impalpable entities embodied in a name, called corporations, to inform the bean-eaters that the alley doesn't really belong to them. They are not much annoyed at being reminded of that five times in a century.
The world is full of Pi Alleys. Few

any of the enterprises consolidated therewith." Rather sweeping liberty, it would seem, for Tammany officers who would be liberal with their contracting friends.
With transit, electric lighting and telephones the charter is more specific. Under its provisions Mr. Hylan could immediately establish bus line after bus line, and when the city was surfeited with bus lines take over the entire transit system to supplement them and vindicate his claim that all they need is a fair trial.
The direction of the various activities in which the city authorities will be permitted to engage is vested in the Mayor, the presidents of the various boroughs and the officers of the several departments. If they require any backing they will have to get it from the Municipal Assembly, formerly the Board of Aldermen. The Mayor has, however, the right to veto any act of the Municipal Assembly. So he ought, if he is energetic, to keep that body pretty well under his thumb.
Taken all in all, the charter is what a fictionist would call an alluring human document. Mr. Craig must have spent at least two hours writing it, glancing up now and then for a nod of approval from the Indian guide who looked stolidly over his shoulder as his pencil flew over the birch bark.

Better Team Work
William P. Joyce, president of the National Surety Company, says that surety companies will withdraw their bonds if notified by the District Attorney that the applicant is a known criminal. This is not always possible, but the willingness of the surety companies to cooperate in the bond evil will help to check the present disastrous epidemic of crime.
Doubling bail for serious offenses will help further. There is a disposition on the part of the judges to do this. The courts, beginning with the magistrates, are awakening to the menace of crime in New York. They are not likely to be lenient with hardened criminals in the future. Also "pull" as a means of letting a crook down easy will be at a discount for some time to come.
Judge Rosalsky's defense of the suspended sentence in the case of first offenders is unnecessary just now. Nobody has objected or will object to suspending sentences on men who have committed their first crime. The trouble in the past has been that suspended sentences and paroles have encouraged hardened criminals to continue their calling—feeling sure that if they were arrested they would find some soft-hearted judge who believed he could reform them by giving them their liberty.
Good team work among the police, the magistrates, the courts and the bonding companies is necessary to the successful combating of crimes of violence. The record of every offender should be looked up as soon as he is arrested and made known both to the court and the bonding company. Until New York is made as safe as it was six or seven years ago there will be no profit in experimenting with theories about the reformability of criminals.

The Housing Emergency
Argument for State and Municipal Aid to Building
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I was rather pleased to note the heading of your editorial of January 6, entitled: "The Housing Emergency." But the statistics given seem to indicate that the Legislature has treated the problem in an ineffective manner. It is quite apparent that the effect, high rentals, is being stifled, rather than an attempt made to remove the cause.
The inevitable law of supply and demand will not stand any intervention. The problem is, as you have stated, a housing problem and not a rent problem. Until more roofs can be made to cover the population the rent problem will remain, irrespective of what police measures are taken to curb it.
You state that up to 1917 25,000 apartments were constructed each year; in 1917 the building fell to 14,241, in 1918 to 2,708 and in 1919 to 1,624. The low records of the latter two years are doubtless due to the diversion of labor and capital into war channels; 1920, however, showed only 4,822 apartments completed and 1921 approximately 6,000.
There is evidently something radically wrong that building should be only about 25 per cent of normal. Allowing for a five-year increase in the building program, construction in 1921 represented only 20 per cent of what should normally be built, not to speak of the great shortage which should be overcome.
It must be made profitable for capital to invest in such enterprises. If there were as much money to be made in residential real estate as is imagined we would not see one million share days on the New York Stock Exchange, nor would we see bonds jumping 20 points in as many weeks.
First of all, therefore, state and municipal aid must be given to building. Next, the labor problem must be attacked. If carpenters continue to receive \$40 to \$50 a week and other building labor proportionate sums, the public must eventually foot the bill. Third, the materials entering into building construction must be kept within reason. Fortunately, this has already received attention.
There are many other points which might be brought out, but I simply want to state a general principle, which, I trust, the Legislature will take into consideration.
J. M. HILBORN.
New York, Jan. 9, 1922.

The Tower
THE IMPECUNIOUS BARD
The morning sun has warmed the spire That lately stood austere and cold; A prodigal, it spends its fire To patine all the signs with gold. It turns to pearl the jets of steam, The puddle at its brilliance thrills; It jewels windows with its beam, While I deplore the lots and lots Of wholly wasted kilowatts.
The Hudson River seaward goes, Pulled onward by the tugging tide, And on its breast the sullen floss Of broken ice together ride. The water takes the hue of jade, 'Tis twilight and the wind is keen; The sunset on the pack has laid An opalescent savage sheen. It stirs me not, I mourn the price I'll pay next spring for just such ice.
Somewhere the lately mentioned sun In all its unsold glory lies On mountain peaks that one by one Build up their ladder to the skies. Imperial are their flawless snows, In spotless ermine are they clad; And sweet the steady breeze that blows To bid the wintry world be glad. Nine dollars is the railroad fee To get from here to Arcady.

Books
By Percy Hammond
In the long catalogue of things that make the marriage yoke uneasy Mr. Hergesheimer in "Cytherea" calls our attention to one of the most customary. The trouble with the Randons, whose story it is, was that Lee Randon, though forty-seven and respectable, possessed some fleshly appetites not satisfied by the tepid cretices of his wife. This longing for the sacred flames of sex on the part of Mr. Randon was dignified. It manifested itself in puzzled reflection rather than in sly, disloyal kisses. He had been known to embrace a lady in a corner at a hunt club dance, perhaps, because he was expected to do so, but he was not at all of the hand-holding type. Yet he was inclined to regard with excitement the ankles of women not his own. There was Annette Sherwin, for instance, an attractive girl; "she had beautiful legs, but they were hardly better than Fanny's; why in the name of God was he captivated by Annette's casual ankles and indifferent to his wife's?" And why did he prefer them in silk stockings rather than bare, and in black more than in bright colors? One-piece bathing suits left him cold, but the unexpected disclosures of the wind were unfailingly potential. Why, he wondered, why?

More Truth Than Poetry
By James J. Montague
A Dreadful Error
According to the last census there are over 300 poets in Indiana.
In Indiana, favored clime, Where rolls the whimpering Wabash River, Each minute (Middle Western Time) A poet passes in his flivver. You'll find a bard on every farm, Engaged in epics and in tillage; A hundred lend a classic charm To every Indiana village.
Since simple rustic songs were made, Some years ago, by Ole Jim Riley— That prince of bards—the poet trade Has been esteemed around there highly. George Ade has very lately sworn (And wants, he says, the world to know it) That he's the only Hoosier born Who isn't—more or less—a poet.
At night these songsters write their rhymes On watermarked domestic velum; And even in the worst of times They truck 'em into town and sell 'em. A child that cannot pen an ode, When three or four, to Pan or Cupid, Is, in the Indiana code, Regarded as extremely stupid.
The hired girls and hired men, In time not needed for their slumbers, Are always handy with the pen, And turn out smooth and rhythmic numbers. And when the census men declare That poets total but three hundred In Indiana, we will swear, And loudly, that they've badly blundered!

No Longer an Issue
Now that Debs is out of jail he is bound to lose caste with the Socialists.
The Point of View
An Easterner who lately saw the Yellowstone geysers observed that somebody had been putting too many raisins in them.

Where It Doesn't Work

You can't expect so many laws to pass if you install a bloc system in Congress.
(Copyright by James J. Montague)

A Rejected Comparison

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: In last Sunday's Tribune I read a letter on prohibition in which the writer states that when he was on the farm the calves did a lot of "bellerin'" at weaning time, comparing this to prohibition. By what right do the self-appointed reformers assume the rôle of weaners and put all calves in the class with the calves? If a calf is left alone it will wean itself, and if it doesn't it will never amount to much, so the comparison is ridiculous.
The reformer takes the attitude that the end justifies the means. In other words, it is all right to force people to drink milk because it will have a beneficial result.
I object to being classed as a "bellerin'" calf and refuse to be weaned by a self-appointed reformer!
C. PUGH.
Montclair, N. J., Jan. 10, 1922.

If Debts Are Canceled

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Assuming that the West is, as a whole, opposed to any remission of the debt due us on account of the World War, is it not somewhat standing in its own light? Great Britain will cancel if we do. Would not such joint action do much to restore the purchasing power of Europe? If we export again largely, who gets most of the benefit? Is it not the West?
Eric, Pa., Jan. 10, 1922.

Irishmen's British Market

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Do the die-hard supporters of the Irish republic in the United States and Ireland ever give a thought to the fact that Great Britain is practically the only customer Ireland has for her surplus agricultural products? Where would she find another market? Not in the United States, for we have surplus enough for Ireland and Great Britain, and then some to spare. If Ireland attempted to export to America we would raise an import tax barrier.
A DAILY READER.
Port Richmond, S. I., Jan. 10, 1922.

The RISE OF LORD BEAVERBROOK

His Lordship was the head of the British Department of Propaganda during the war, although the son of a Presbyterian clergyman.—The Mail.
According to Comptroller Craig's charter, if Ireland can do it there's no reason New York can't.

PAGE HISTORIAN HIRSHFIELD

Hylan, Craig and Hubert, Out for a raise in pay; I would like to have them tell us How they get that way.
BILL NETCH.
As for the English-Irish treaty, it may not be regarded as a scrap of paper, but Marx himself would admit that it's qualified already as—
A paper of scraps. F. F. V.

The Hopeful Soviet

(From The Atlanta Constitution)
Rightly translated, the message of Lenin and Trotsky to the people is "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

challenge of Count Sigray without incurring the charge of cowardice. But the fact that he has had the courage to refuse will help destroy the tradition. Another remnant of the old system is apparently doomed, and to the courts will be left the duty of deciding questions of honor.

Islands and Bases

The geographer in politics has his hands full these days. Last month he had to say whether Japan was an insular possession. This month he has to decide where Japan ends and appurtenances to Japan begin.
The trouble has arisen about fortifications in the Pacific. According to the general understanding the status quo is to be preserved except in so far as Hawaii, Australia and New Zealand and Japan proper are concerned. This means that Japan can establish naval bases and fortify her home territory, just as we can fortify Hawaii or the Pacific Coast. We cannot, however, fortify Guam or Yap, nor can the Japanese fortify the Caroline and Marshall islands, in the neighborhood of Guam and Yap.
It makes considerable difference, however, as to what is included in the term "Japan," or "Japanese homeland," or "the main islands of Japan."

According to a high Japanese authority the Japanese consider their territory as divided into three classes—the empire proper, the colonies and the mandated islands. The empire proper includes everything except Sakhalin in the north, Formosa in the south, Corea and Port Arthur on the mainland and the mandated islands. In other words, it includes the Bonin Islands and the chain that stretches toward Formosa.
There is nothing sinister in this fact, as the jingo press would have us believe. But it is just as well to have a decision handed down now, so that the irresponsible few who are ever crying against the Japanese cannot unearth a "conspiracy" or show that America has forfeited rights of self-defence not denied to Japan.

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To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Thank you and the writer of the fine "leader" in The Tribune January 6. How we poor blind mortals persist in misreading our prophets while they live before us and for us! Your cartoonist has given the spiritual quality to his work that we who loved and knew Roosevelt saw. It is a great and worthy picture. I am so glad you reproduced it.
You may remember that even Hay wrote the day after the Gettysburg speech, saying "Everett's oration was fine and the President did his little bit well."
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Rightly translated, the message of Lenin and Trotsky to the people is "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

things we do but by somebody's sufferance. But, after all, the check-rein is not often felt. The assertion of private property rights in "Williams Court" is as harmless in effect as a thousand and one other prohibitions that might but do not interfere with daily habits. If the corporation had a real mind to bar Pie Alley to the people of Boston there might be a Boston Pie Party. Nobody dreams that it has that notion.

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We wonder if Philadelphia would swap Magistrate Scott, the capor of Boddy, for a Police Commissioner and a couple of inspectors in fair condition?

At all events, according to W. H. S. Boddy's case should be a warning to other crooks not to antagonize the Police Department.

"This here League of Nations conference," says Uncle Abimelech Bogardus, of Peekskill, N. J., "may be able to do some business with 'is feller Lenin if they only remember to feed him fust!"

All that is now necessary to make the city water popular is for some one to discover a relationship between synura and vitamins.

BACTERIOLOGICAL ODE

Oh microscopical synura, Polluter of our aqua pura! Restrain your father and your mother, Your sister and your alga brother, Your son-in-law, your aunt, your daughter, From bathing in our drinking water. O heartless, horrid protozoan, Why do you make us bibbers moan? Because of you we place a ban On what they send from Ashokan. That taste, the taste of raw cucumber, Haunts us awake and in our slumber. O bug, be gone from Kenrick. And let us have straight H₂O!

LESTER MARKEL.

All this talk of flimsy cars and kindred perils of elevated travel are rapidly reducing us to the state where we'd willingly pay two fares and walk a half mile rather than ride around the 110th Street curve on the Sixth and Ninth Avenue lines again.
Worthy of little, our highest indorsement. Yet we shall sing of "A Bill of Divorcement!" Wishing in vain that this meter might tell Half we admired in the fervent acting of Miss Katharine Cornell, Who a much harder boiled critic might move Almost to tears with her: "Give her my love!"
There are moments in the play when we forgot entirely that the fire which should have been in the grate was behind it and to the left.
With prizefight seats at their present height it looks as though we'd have to be content with going to the opera this winter.
And we can say this much for the latter institution: the seats are wider.
We've always wondered whether Mr. Rickard, in instructing his interior decorator, didn't absent-mindedly pick up a left-over throne from the Barnum freak show as a model.
Most of the amphitheatres of pugilism in New York, our experience has taught us, ought to display permanently the sign: STANDING ROOM ONLY.

Natural Depravity

Observe the wicked mackerel's shame; In cans of tin he's housed; And labels on his home proclaim The doleful verdict: "Soused."

With wood in the rum and bugs in the water, it's certainly a relief to read that the milk strike has been ended again.

And thus relieved, we have no desire to quarrel with D. when he, or she, insists that the present day liquor purveyor should call his fortune a boot-legary.

THE RISE OF LORD BEAVERBROOK
His Lordship was the head of the British Department of Propaganda during the war, although the son of a Presbyterian clergyman.—The Mail.

According to Comptroller Craig's charter, if Ireland can do it there's no reason New York can't.

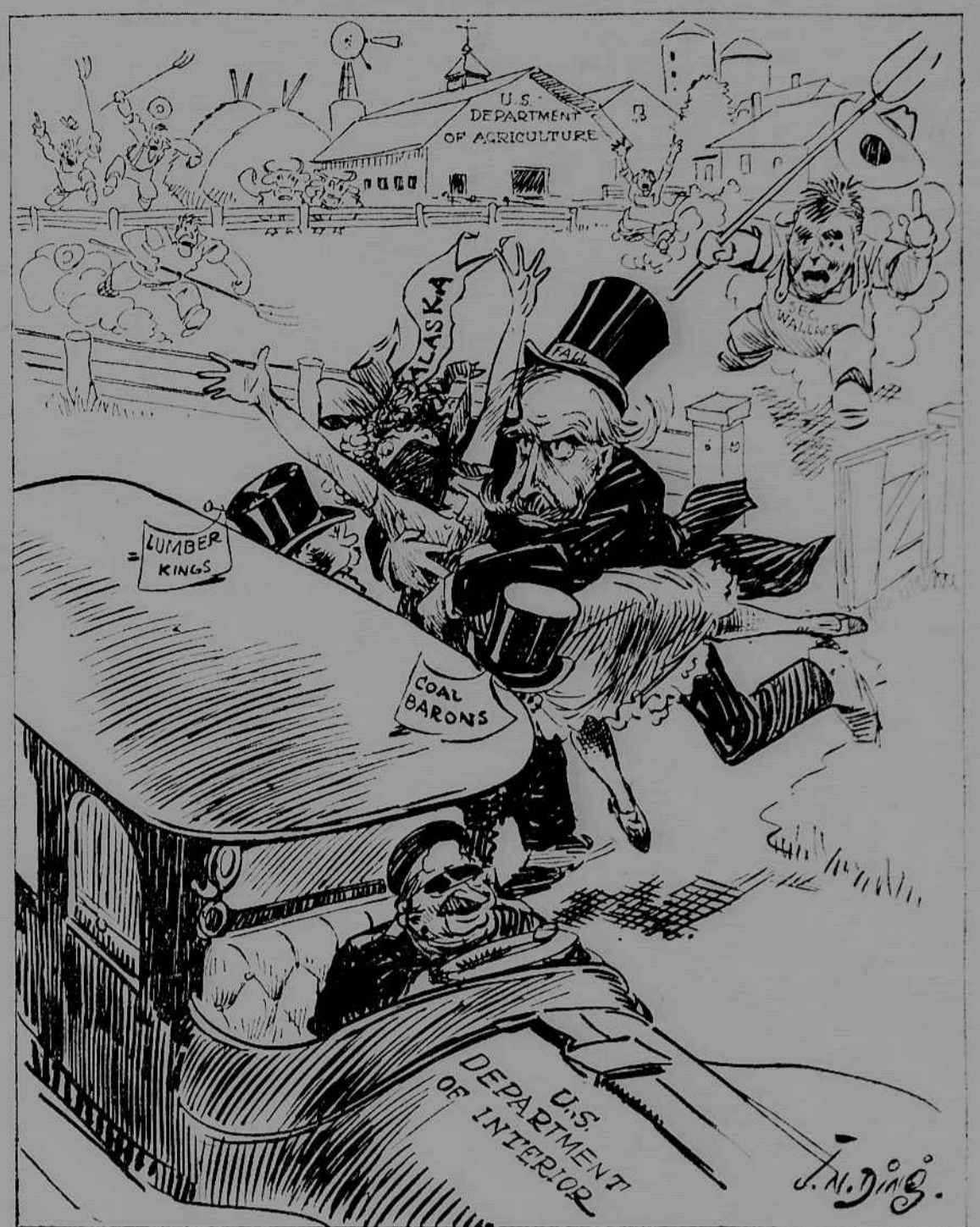
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WHAT'S THE IDEA? SHE WAS ALWAYS HAPPY DOWN ON THE FARM, WASN'T SHE?



Books

By Percy Hammond
In the long catalogue of things that make the marriage yoke uneasy Mr. Hergesheimer in "Cytherea" calls our attention to one of the most customary. The trouble with the Randons, whose story it is, was that Lee Randon, though forty-seven and respectable, possessed some fleshly appetites not satisfied by the tepid cretices of his wife. This longing for the sacred flames of sex on the part of Mr. Randon was dignified. It manifested itself in puzzled reflection rather than in sly, disloyal kisses. He had been known to embrace a lady in a corner at a hunt club dance, perhaps, because he was expected to do so, but he was not at all of the hand-holding type. Yet he was inclined to regard with excitement the ankles of women not his own. There was Annette Sherwin, for instance, an attractive girl; "she had beautiful legs, but they were hardly better than Fanny's; why in the name of God was he captivated by Annette's casual ankles and indifferent to his wife's?" And why did he prefer them in silk stockings rather than bare, and in black more than in bright colors? One-piece bathing suits left him cold, but the unexpected disclosures of the wind were unfailingly potential. Why, he wondered, why?

Though Lee Randon was baffled by these mysteries, Mr. Hergesheimer is not, and neither are the readers of "Cytherea." A gratifying picture of Mr. Hergesheimer's fiction is that he knows his characters so well, better than they know themselves; and that he is able to tell us of them with such explicit ease. So while Lee Randon was nonplused by his indifference to his Fanny's figure, we understood it thoroughly. Fanny was a perfect mother and a faithful wife, good looking in an austere way, with pure eyes and prominent cheek bones. She wore white cambric nightdresses, embroidered chastely, and no rouge pots of scent bottles marred the rigorous integrity of her dressing table. Dubious anecdotes never passed her lips. Her mind was completely virginal, with the shrinking delicacy of a debutante's, and when she said good night to Randon her thin lips said but a wintry adumbration. "The truth is," Mr. Hergesheimer explains, "she regarded the mechanism of nature with distaste."

Randon thought a great deal about her in the office of his cigarette company, on the golf course, in the sanctum of his small-city newspaper and in the headquarters of his mining corporation. Aside from the vague simerings within him he was not unhappy with Fanny and their children. But she was too serious, and her lure was insufficient. She lacked, as the saying is, sex. He did not actually want her to drink and swear in public, nor to engage indiscriminately in the wanton struggles of the new dances; but something of the sort, he thought, might help her. At times, when she had had more than her customary cocktail and a half, he saw in her a promise of what he desired. God knew he wasn't criticizing Fanny; but he wished she could be, well—a little gayer. A bit of scarlet in their home life now and then, he suspected, might augment the hearthstone's creature comforts. As he was pondering thus, one autumn day, while having tea in the golf club with Annette Sherwin, Annette "willingly, voluntarily" learned her firm, elastic body against him; her ankles, as evident in woolen stockings

as his own, were thrust frankly out toward the fireplace. Poor Fanny! She was rather pathetic that evening, when, fearing that Lee might, as other men, be tempted to infidelity, she put on her pearls and diamonds and endeavored gallantly to vamp him in the inefficient manner of a good woman.
Randon did do one thing, upon learning of which you may elevate your eyebrows. Obsessed by his hunger for "that something," he was attracted one day by a doll in a confectioner's window on Fifth Avenue—a beautiful doll in whose still face there was willful charm and enigmatic fascination. Its eyes were long and half closed under finely arched brows, and its mouth was pale scarlet and smiling. Never in his life, he told himself, had he seen a woman with such a magnetic and disturbing charm. He bought the doll somewhat furtively, and taking it home established it in a shrine above a mantelpiece. There he worshipped it abstractedly, and he christened it "Cytherea" for the Cytherean Venus, "the mysterious goddess of love, of the principle, the passion of life stirring in plants and men." He did this, Mr. Hergesheimer says, without knowing the secret of her fascination, of what she really represented.

The results of that plant-like stirring in Randon's soul are less interesting to this reader than is the stirring itself. After Randon visited New York and became involved with the similarly disposed Mrs. Savina Grove at her home in East Sixty-sixth Street, his material adventures, though agitating and excessive, seemed not so important as were their preliminaries. Among them, however, was a frenzied scene, wherein the aroused Fanny damned him in violent accents, slashed him with a paper knife and otherwise indicated that she had emotional possibilities not developed by her husband. The story is told in Mr. Hergesheimer's skillful and authoritative way. He records the polite debauches of the small city as minutely as Mr. Rupert Hughes does those of the large one, and he is as good at setting forth the details of formal life among the rich of New York as is Mr. Chambers.

Ireland's British Market

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Do the die-hard supporters of the Irish republic in the United States and Ireland ever give a thought to the fact that Great Britain is practically the only customer Ireland has for her surplus agricultural products? Where would she find another market? Not in the United States, for we have surplus enough for Ireland and Great Britain, and then some to spare. If Ireland attempted to export to America we would raise an import tax barrier.
A DAILY READER.
Port Richmond, S. I., Jan. 10, 1922.